

We Have With Us Today

THE DENTIST

BY
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Your soul turns to a sodden lump,
 You feel your weary shoulders sag,
 When some old molar starts to jump
 Like Dempsey punching at a bag;
 You know the dregs are in your cup,
 And yet you can't afford to wait,
 And so you call your dentist up
 And frame him for an early date.



In abject terror you recline
 Within the big chair, near at hand,
 While cold chills tango down your spine
 And tremors shake your nervous hand;
 As raw fear tears into your breast
 He throws a gag into your mouth;
 And as he taps the molar's crest
 He hits the trail - and travels south.



Of all the weapons you can name
 From howitzers to hand grenades,
 That rip into the human frame
 Where horror brings its haunting shades,
 The "buzzer" wins for age or youth,
 As with your final gasp for breath
 It jams against an aching tooth
 And starts to jazz the Song of Death.



There's nothing like it on this trip,
 And Old Gehenna, all aglow,
 Will have to hit an awful clip
 To tie it in the Realm Below;
 How sweet death seems against this fate
 How calm the grave you hope to win
 As jazzing on at dizzy rate
 The whirling steel sinks deeper in.



I sometimes wonder if they know
 While tapping a molarie boil,
 How deep into the tooth they go
 Like drillers after hidden oil?
 For I have often seen them swerve
 Near sudden death, as with a spurt
 They pry into a throbbing nerve
 And softly murmur - "Did it hurt?"



It's bad enough when with a rap
 They open up the molar's cleft,
 And drop a death-bomb in the gap
 To mop up anything that's left;
 But I believe it's even worse
 When probing with that needle wire
 He jabs until with smothered curse
 You feel your blazing heart's on fire.

But when the "buzzer's" laid aside
 Supresser of the aching hop,
 And you can chew with buoyant pride
 Upon a beefsteak or a chop.
 Where once you thought of muffled drum
 And firing squads in bitter rage,
 The erstwhile villain now becomes
 The Greatest Hero of the Age.